## TALE RED ROSES

A Romance of Love, Bluff, Cash and a "Punch !"

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER
(Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," &c.)

entire company would not bring more than the junk-heap value of its worn-out equipment. He could not have met the mortgage on his house, he could not have paid a dollar of his debts, he would have been left without a penny, and he would have dragged down into bankruptcy hundreds of poor families like Henry Peters's, who had their all invested in his enterprise. True, they were ruined, anyhow, or would be; but he had a curlously unmoral sense that by stepping out from under before the crash came, and by being no longer at the head of the doomed company, he was passing along the moral responsibility of their downfall to the upstate syndicate—and to Siedge. Thank God, he was safe!

Again his bell rang.

(Coppright, 1914, by Bobbs-Morrill Co.) STROPHIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Was safe!

Again his bell rang.

"Marley?" queried a tense person.

"Yes," he acknowledged, trying to place the voice as that of some newspaper man of his acquaintance, and feeling again that comfortable sense of second. The Day of Thanksgiving.

In his pocket Mr. Marley had the check which removed him from the nerve-racking fluctuations of his street car fortunes; which insured two days ago. Just got their notification. Molly and Bort and himself an en-trance into a new life and new op-portunities; which made him safe fron Sledge; and yet he felt no great well," went on Coldman, "I'm

Exception.

It was a relief to him when Molly sending out your stock by a messenshe stood at the head of the stairs, in her bridal gown, a fresh and glowing

WHEN THE STILL BUZZING ...

By Robert Minor



CHAPTER XIA.

CH

Next Week's Complete Novel in THE EVENING WORLD

## The Intrusion of Jimmy

By P. G. Wodehouse

This Book on the Stands Will Cost You \$1.25. You Get It for 6 Cents.

Now, don't kid yourself."

Again Molly was silent. She could answer that question if she chose, and the picture of little Jessie Peter's sublims adoration of Dicky Reynolds came before her eyas, linked with the memory of Bert's face when he had suggested a postponement. Being broke was an incident with Jessie and Dicky, and entirely aside from their love. With Bert and herself it was the love which had been incidental.

Sledge waited a reasonable time for her to allege Bert's enthusiasm.

"Home!" he commanded Billy, "You see, I'm wise, Miss Molly. That pinhead couldn't love anybody enough to go the distance. I can. I'll murder anybody you name. Want anybody killed?"

"You!" she savagely reforted, and then, to her own surprise, laughed. She had put her hand on the catch of the door, but, since he made no attempt to stop her, she left is there.

"You don't hate me that much, he calmly informed her. "You like me."

Again she laughed; this time at his naivete. "You see, it's like this." he explained. "I'm a big slob, and I'm rough. I sin't pretty, and I know it; but I can start something any minute, and when I do I can finish it. You don't know it, but you're strong for that."

With a thrill Molly realized that he was right in this. She did admire was right in this.

You don't know it, but you're strong for that."

With a thrill Molly realized that he was right in this. She did admire force. She admired Sledge, and, now that she had time to think it over, something within her responded to his direct and simple method of breaking up her wedding.

OB looked up at her with a distinct grin as she alighted and when she stooped swifting and when she stooped swifting that the she had time to think it over, should be about his neck, he laid his head against her knee and whined.

"He's crasy about you." and sledge.

"He's crasy about you," said Sledge,
up her wedding.
"But love is different," she replied,
looking down at them both with
arguing more to herseif than to him.
"Nix!" he denied. "It's the strongest thing there is."
"Love cries," Molly mused, rememtrains Jessie.
"Oh, they'd fight," she quickly pre-

and when she stooped swiftly down and put her arm

"He's crasy about you," said Sledge,